

## WEARS LIKE GRANITE.

A New Kind of Cement Compound That Will Be Valuable to the Building Trade.

Report is made in the chemical journals of a new kind of cement compound which has been introduced in Europe with very satisfactory results. This substance, to which the name of "petritite" is given, is intended to be used for the conversion of organic or inorganic matter—whether it be waste, wet or dry, pure or mixed—into a hard, durable mass impervious to water, of great strength and free from all atmospheric influences.

The composition employed is not stated, but it is in the form of a white powder, and the statement is made that, mixed with sand, it produces a sandstone of durable quality; with sawdust a body similar to hard wood, but indestructible, while with slate waste the result is an agreeable marble.

According to The Chemical Trade Journal, the most reliable chemical authorities who have examined and experimented with this product have expressed very favorable opinions as to its value, and Professor Bauschinger of the Munich laboratory, who is one of the leading experts in all such matters, states that the wearing quality of this new substance, with sawdust, is equal to the best granite and basalt.—Exchange.

## IT BEATS THE RECORD.

The Speed of a Man's Heart Pulsations Puzzles the Doctors.

William Wiggins, a cook, 35 years old, who is now at the City Hospital, St. Louis, has a heart that is a record breaker. The average heart, as is known, beats at the rate of about 70 pulsations per minute, while that of Wiggins amuses itself by striking along at the speed of 212 beats each 60 seconds.

And yet he does not die, and therein lies the peculiarity of his case. Other hearts have been known to take sprinting spells, but when they have reached a speed of about 150 pulsations to the minute they have usually gotten tired and have stopped indefinitely. Not so with Wiggins. After a speedy spell his heart usually stops completely for a short period. It has always started again.

Wiggins' heart has been affected with this strange trouble for about two years, without apparent cause. During an attack he suffers intensely, but at other times is free from pain. He is improving under treatment.—St. Louis Republic.

## A Ten Years' Walk for a Wager.

George Herold, the original boy tramp, left St. Louis nine years and eight months ago on a wager of \$5,000 that he could walk 65,000 miles in ten years and earn \$5,000 on his travels. He has two months left to complete his journey and has earned \$4,683. He has credentials from nearly all the cities he has visited and carries vouchers for all the money he has earned. During his travels he has visited 44 states and one territory. On the completion of his journey he will engage in business in St. Louis with the money he has saved.—St. Louis Republic.

## Drove Loved Twenty-nine Years.

A ring or turtle dove died here yesterday at the age of 29 years. It was the property of Miss Anna Angelpurger and was presented to her while she was attending the ladies' seminary at North Bloomfield, Pa., 25 years ago.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## A Summer Martyr.

There's a novel that is waiting on a shelf not far from you. To be read to a conclusion. When I have the time, some day. The heroine was charming. And the villain was a churl. How I long to know the fortunes that befell that lovely girl. I'm convinced 'twould not be proper when such problems arise engage the thinkers of the present. Even to glance at fiction's page. And I read, debate and essay. Spurn all sentimental larrikin. Though I long for more love-making. And a few quotation marks.

## So I truly hope a tariff.

May be soon decided on. That with reference to Cuba. Something proper may be done. Then, with conscience unoppressed. A legal may turn and look. On the cherished fascinations. Of my yellow covered book.

## MRS. ELLA MCGARVY.

Writing to Mrs. Pinkham. Says:—I have been using your Vegetable Compound and find that it does all that it is recommended to do. I have been a sufferer for the last four years with womb trouble, weak back and excoriations. I was hardly able to do my household duties, and while about my work was so nervous that I was miserable. I had also given up in despair, when I was persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today, I am feeling like a new woman.—Mrs. ELLA MCGARVY, Neebe Road Station, Cincinnati, O.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills work in unison with the Compound, and are a sure cure for constipation and sick-headache. Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash is frequently found of great value for local application. Correspondence is freely solicited by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., and the strictest confidence assured. All druggists sell the Pinkham's remedies. The Vegetable Compound in three forms—Liquid, Pills, and Lozenges.

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## LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings That Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections That You Will Enjoy.

And There They Stick. "They always talk about the seven ages of man," said the Curious One. "Why not the seven ages of woman?" "Because, my boy," replied the Knowing One, "one is enough for them."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

So Tricky. "Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "is so tricky that when they comes across er man dat's shu' 'nuff honest dey gets skayt an' says he mus' be playin' a pow'ful deep game."—Washington Star.

Bolting It. Mother—Johnny, how often have I told you that you must not bolt your food? Johnny—Guess it isn't any worse to bolt my food than it is for you to turn the key on it when it's in the cupboard.—Boston Transcript.

Infectious. Little Boreham (relating his Alpine adventures)—There I stood, the abyss yawning at my feet— Cropper (yawning portentously)—Sense me, B., but the thing's infectious.—Household Words.

One of the Sins. "What made you think Lillian was literary?" "Why, she wears her hair so mysteriously."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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## The Cheerful Idiot.

"So you say," began the moderately new boarder, "that he speculated on a large scale exclusively. May I inquire what was the use of this large scale?" "Glad to answer you," replied the Cheerful Idiot. "He had to have it for weighing the consequences."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Pored Walk. "The little no-kid had a French nurse, of whom she was very fond. One day this nurse departed, and her small charge wandered about the house, up stairs and down, into the garden and back again, and finally hung about her mother, who was busy just then with the baby. Receiving no attention, she turned away, saying dejectedly: "No-body loves me. I guess I'll go down in the garden and eat bugs. I ate free yes-day—two smooove ones and one woolly one."

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The Salmon Mystery. Why salmon return to the sea after spawning has always been a mystery, but the fish in San Andreas Lake may in a measure solve the problem. That reservoir is full of fine big steelheads that can never return to the sea, but they are literally covered with parasites that resemble snails and are sometimes found to be an inch and a half in length. It has been found that the parasites die as soon as they are placed in salt water and drop off the fish, just as barnacles drop off a salt water vessel as soon as it anchors in a fresh water harbor. It is believed by some piscatorial experts that the salmon return to salt water to rid themselves of the parasites that attack them while in fresh water. Still others contend that the salmon never does return, but dies soon after spawning.

A Small Boy's Ingenuity. A small boy in the Mission is the owner of a woolly little donkey of more than ordinary intelligence and perversity. Some time ago the manager in the stable fell down and struck the donkey on the head, since which time the animal induces the manager to enter the stable of his own accord, and he wandered around the yard at his own sweet will.

The other day the boy found that the donkey viewed the lawn mower with mingled curiosity and alarm. He would not turn tail and run from it, but would back away, the while keeping his ears at a full cock, and his eyes on the machine. That fact gave the boy an idea. Now he leads the donkey to the stable door, turns the animal around and runs the lawn mower toward him. When the donkey backs into the stable the door is slammed on him before he realizes where he is.—San Francisco Post.

An Experted Mine. "A few years ago," remarked an old mining man, "the Rawhide mines in Tuolumne County, California, were being hawked all over this country and Europe, but no one would touch them. The mines were offered for a song, and several Eastern and European experts were sent here to examine them. They all reported adversely, and the result was that they were not sold."

"The Nevills, who now own the mines, were not 'experts'—that is, college-bred experts—but they were practical miners and they thought they saw a good thing in the Rawhide. They acquired them and went to work. It cost quite a tidy little sum and the owners were nearly bankrupt before they made their big stake, but they have been taking out from \$50,000 to \$100,000 a month ever since. Altogether the mines have yielded about \$4,000,000. I think the present owners have been offered \$1,750,000 for the mines by one of the syndicates that refused to touch them for a twentieth that price a few years ago. Which shows that there are some things the foreign expert does not know about mining."

Wanted It All in the Record. "Now, your honor," argued the attorney in the court of Justice Brown of Santa Rosa, Cal., "I move dismissal of this case on the ground that the corpus delicti has not been established."

Judge Brown rubbed his chin in a perplexed way, fixed his gaze on the ceiling for a moment and then, clearing his throat, said: "Of course, it is an old principle of law that the probator must correspond with the alibi, and in this case I am of the belief that the corpus is all right, but I don't know about the delicti."

"Your honor, I want that to go into the record," demanded opposing counsel. "I want the record to show that your honor said the corpus is all right, but you do not know about the delicti." Judge Brown realized that he had

blundered, and sat staring at the attorney for a moment. Then pulling himself together he said: "All right, let that go into the record. But you fellows know damned well I was only joking when I said it, and that will go into the record, too."

RUIN IN EMPTY SEATS. New York Managers Find the Taste for Vaudeville Is Waning.

A New York dispatch says: There are millions of dollars invested in New York music halls, variety houses and theaters devoted to "specialty" performances, and unless there is a turn in the receding of popular support there is serious trouble ahead for at least a dozen of these places.

It is no secret that the music hall managers are in a quandary as to what to do in order to check the falling off in their receipts. The public a few seasons ago were "vaudeville mad," and packed the music halls all winter and the roof gardens all summer. But the appetite for that style of entertainment seems to have been satiated, and even the most expensive foreign attractions no longer draw one-quarter the patronage they did a couple of years ago.

When the rush began a few seasons ago to the music halls, using the term comprehensively to cover all amusement places of this kind—they coined money. As high as \$180,000 clear profit has been made at one house during a season. Such a mine was like the opening up of the gold fields of Cripple Creek. Others rushed in and the thing was worked to death in no time. Music halls multiplied. Where \$50,000 was expended in one place, \$100,000 was soon invested in another, and so it went on until Olympia capped the climax with a \$2,000,000 building.

Multiplication of theaters meant a compound increase of the sharpest managerial rivalry. Ten dollars a week performers gave way to a list of \$50 a night "artists." Actors were fought for by competing managers, who carried the battle into the European "specialty" markets, and salaries leaped higher and higher, until Mile. Gilbert was brought over to the Olympia at \$4,000 a week, only to be followed by Chevalier and Loie Fuller at Koster and Bial's on a salary and a percentage equaling probably that sum.

Even at these salary outlays enormous profits were made on all these early engagements. Any one of the three you choose to name played to over \$10,000 a week, and the managers were in the heyday of their prosperity. But the tide has turned, and it is an open secret that many well-known managers are in water well up to their thighs. If some genius does not arise with a scheme capable of drawing dollars from the public as they were drawn two years ago, this summer will see Broadway strewn with wrecks of gigantic theatrical ventures.

Make Your Will. A man possessed of one dollar or a few hundred dollars has as much right to arrange for the distribution of his possessions as the man who has millions. It is also as incumbent upon the man of small means to properly dispose of his holdings as it is upon the one who has more. The lawyers of this country would lose many fat fees if those who have accumulated a portion of this world's goods, be it ever so small, would leave specific directions as to what disposition should be made of their property after death. Making a will is generally regarded as a very solemn affair, says National Stockman. Surrounded by all the gloom and sorrow of the death-bed, where these important documents are generally made, the framing of a last will and testament is a very serious and unpleasant task.

Many put this matter off on account of the expense attached to it in lawyer's fees, etc. Anyone who can write a legible hand and express his ideas so that they can be understood can write his own will. The simpler the better, so it is clear. The following form will make as strong a testament as can be framed by any attorney:

I, ..... of ..... County, ..... State, do hereby make my last will and testament. I give, devise and bequeath all my estate, real and personal, to ..... heirs, executors, administrators and assigns.

I appoint ..... sole executor of this will.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand this ..... day of ..... 190.....

Signed, published and decreed by the above named ..... as and for his last will and testament in the presence of us, who, in his presence and in the presence of each other and at his request, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

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